

Elma's Inheritance

By
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HENDERSON

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It was a good deal of a bore to Roy Weston when his sister, Mrs. Brenda Throop, invited him to accompany herself and three lady friends on a slumming tour. Not exactly that either, for there was a purpose to the expedition truly charitable. The four were members of a group that had done immeasurable good helping the poor and unfortunate. Their present purpose was to examine conditions in a certain tenement square that was to be apportioned to them as their own especial territory for the winter.

"And I would like to have you bring your camera along, Roy," suggested Mrs. Throop.

"What's the idea?"

"We are anxious to get some typical pictures of the way these people live," explained his sister, "to show in a lecture."

"I see. Very well, although I shall scarcely be at my ease tagging four ladies at one time, I'll follow directions."

It was time for these charitably disposed ladies to get busy, for winter had come on blighting sudden. There were squalid rooms they penetrated where the temperature was that of an icehouse, not a fragment of fire in sight and children huddled under ragged bedclothes, shivering away the hours till mother came home from her



Would Devote Hours to Arranging the Room.

scrubbing work with enough to buy the only meal of the day and a bushel of coal.

Weston had never penetrated into these realms of misery and suffering before, and he looked pretty serious as he viewed a phase of life with which he was unfamiliar. More than once his hand stole unostentatiously to his pocket, and he tossed a coin or a bank note to the occupants of a cheerless room unnoticed by his escort.

"There's only one slide left," he announced, as they started to leave a building that had presented unusually appealing conditions of poverty and discomfort.

"Oh, here is a subject we must have!" cried Mrs. Bollew, one of the party, pushing open a door and showing an interior fairly typical of the furthest limit of destitution.

Weston focussed his camera, and took a view of a corner of the room where the sunlight shone strong across a frost-covered window. With the click of the shutter the group started to leave the place, when Mrs. Throop exclaimed sharply, suddenly.

"Why, there is a man lying on the floor under that window!"

With a shudder of gruesome awe the three other ladies huddled forward and stared. Weston advanced and bent over the prostrate figure. It was that of an old man miserably attired, his face thin and bloodless. Clenched in his hand was a small flat key.

"He is dead," pronounced Weston, and a thrill ran through the little group. "We had better call someone in the place who knows him."

Evidently the man had just died, for when a crippled man occupying the adjoining room was summoned he made the remark:

"Poor old Eben Short! This is pretty sudden, for he passed through the hall outside not a half an hour ago."

"Who is he?" inquired Mrs. Throop.

"He's lived here for two years, he and his niece, Elma. They aren't our poor sort and I understand he was once very rich. They say he was a miser, but this poor layout doesn't show it, does it? The girl—here she is now. Let her know the bad news gently, for she was like a daughter to the old man."

A young girl of about seventeen entered the room, started, gasped, parted the onlookers and then threw herself upon the floor beside the dead man.

It was pathetic to witness her grief. It was pathetic to listen to her loving words, telling that all her interest in their poor life was centered about the dead man. Mrs. Throop lifted the stricken creature in her kindly arms.

"Don't take on so, dear," she soothed and she allowed the poor child to nestle in her motherly arms and weep away her sorrow.

Weston saw so it that Short was decently buried. Mrs. Throop took the girl Elma to her home. The story told by the latter seemed to confirm the report that her uncle had seen better days.

"He was very kind to me," she told, "but we lived, oh, so poorly! Many a time he would tell me to be strong and patient, for some day I should live in a palace. He must have meant this," she would say ingenuously, looking about the comfortable home that Mrs. Throop had provided for her.

Under her new surroundings Elma developed marvelously. Arrayed in neat garments, her beauty of form and face came out strongly. She was the happiest being in the world, she told Mrs. Throop, and every word and look evinced her gratitude and love for her protectress and her brother. Elma was cherry and helpful about the house. She would devote hours to arranging and rearranging the room where Weston did his writing, for he was a writer on scientific subjects.

"Please let me stay and just watch you turn out all those wise, wonderful pages!" Elma would plead. "I'll be quiet as a mouse."

One day Mrs. Throop came to her brother in his literary sanctuary.

"Roy," she spoke, "the society wish to use some of those views of the tenements which you took when we discovered Elma. Won't you get your negatives and select those most appropriate for an illustrated lecture?"

It was through one of the pictures that of the room in which they had discovered dead Eben Short, that Weston made a remarkable discovery. The frosted window panes showed microscopically clear in the print. He observed that one pane was marked with letters, words. In a flash the truth occurred to him. Helpless, dying, Short had essayed to leave a message. He had traced it with the key he had found in Short's hand and possession of which Weston had retained, the only memento of the tragic death.

"I leave all to my faithful Elma," it read. "Take the key to the Fidelity Depository—there the writing stopped."

A gleam of enlightenment came speedily to the quick mind of Weston. "Fidelity Deposit vaults," he murmured, with a glow of keenly aroused interest. "And the key! I think I understand."

He understood so well, that within the hour he found that the key fitted to a safety deposit box in the vaults of the company named. Within it was found the savings of the miser, over twelve thousand dollars, and a signed order to pay it over to Elma in case of the death of Eben Short.

"Oh, don't send me away!" pleaded Elma, actually on her knees before Weston. "And, ah! please take all the money and keep it, but keep me, too!"

He thrilled as he read in those long eyes that to which his soul quickly responded—love. She had become much to him those few brief, pleasant months of companionship. He could not do without her, and he told her so, and his indulgent sister smiled happily when he informed her that he and Elma were engaged.

HE WENT TO THE MOVIES



Count von Bernstorff, the dismissed German ambassador, snapped just after he had delivered the note from the kaiser which resulted in the rupture of diplomatic relations. He was on his way to a moving picture house where he saw German war films.

At the Opera House.

"In the last act the villain was shot and writhed on the floor for nearly five minutes."

"I presume you would call that creating a heavy atmosphere?"

"Yes. And he succeeded all right. By the time he finished flopping about the air was thick with dust."

SOCIETY

Woman's Club Meeting—

The meeting of the Woman's Club last Wednesday was one of unusual interest and each member left feeling greatly benefited by the afternoon's proceedings.

There are incidents in the life of a club which are characteristic of an individual, occasions of sorrow and occasions of joy and good fellowship. The latter was evident Wednesday.

The Woman's Club has quite a metropolitan membership, thereby often coming in touch with visitors of interest as well as much note.

It was our pleasure to have with us Mrs. Howell of Pickens, Miss. who is the mother of our much beloved member, Mrs. Fulham. Mrs. Howell responded to a request from our president and told us many interesting things in regard to her own club and her talk was an inspiration to all present.

It also was the privilege of the club to hear some instructive and well chosen words from Mrs. D. De Sola Pool, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Taubenhous, another much esteemed member of the club.

Mrs. Pool's home is in New York and she could bring some valuable information in regard to our grand opera study, as of course it is her privilege to attend many things which as a rule are withheld from residents of smaller towns.

Just now the club is planning a gala day next Wednesday, when the public is cordially invited to our library tea, notice of which appeared in these columns a few days ago.

Farewell Supper—

Miss Mary Kaczer, now Mrs. Benjamin H. Hirschenson, was given a farewell supper of Saturday last, the eve of her wedding, in the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gelber. The house was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Twenty happy relatives and intimate friends made the evening memorable for the bride and groom with their fun and laughter, pleasant reminiscences and bright auguries. Mrs. Taubenhous, the toastmistress, in apt and humorous words called upon each of those present to offer greetings and congratulations to the young couple. A flood of genial wit and wisdom, poetry and song flowed freely to the delight of all present. There was an impressive moment when in moving words, vibrant with emotion, Mr. Benjamin Kaczer addressed a loving message to his daughter and son-in-law. Good will reigned supreme and a warmth of cordiality cheered all hearts. At a late hour the party broke up, taking with them glad memories and every good wish for the fair bride and the lucky man.

Honored Miss Kaczer—

Friday evening, February 16th, Mrs. Grosberger held an elaborate entertainment in honor of Miss Mary Kaczer and Mr. B. Hirschenson. The house was decorated with hearts and the idea was carried out in the form of the many sweets and dainties that bountifully covered the large dining room table. The Misses Hart served gracefully as assistant hostesses to their busy aunt.

A. AND M. SHORT COURSE.

Subjects of Vital Interest Will Be Considered at Next Session.

Rural economic, farm credits and similar subjects will come in for much consideration at the eighth annual short course for farmers, farm women, boys and girls, which will be held at A. and M. College from July 30th through August 4th. Dr. H. C. Taylor, professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin and one of the foremost rural economists of the United States, will deliver a series of addresses on various phases of that side of rural life.

Rural sanitation and the fight against disease in the country also will have a prominent place on the program of the short course. Dr. P. W. Covington, head of the Texas division of the Rockefeller Health Foundation, will be in charge of this instruction.

Miss Mary E. Gearing of the home economics division of the University of Texas will deliver a series of lectures on home conveniences, home decoration, home sanitation and general phases of domestic science and economy.

All phases of agriculture and domestic science will be covered in the short course. The sessions of that body will be merged with the more important sessions of the Texas Farmers' Congress, so that members may have the opportunity of hearing the speakers at both of these meetings.

The short course work is largely practical, however, and students enrolled in that course are given essential and specialized instruction in the

COLONIAL THEATRE

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS MARCH 2 and 3

Matinee Saturday at 2 P. M.

Galvin's "World of Follies"

Featuring Johnny and Irene Galvin

30 - PEOPLE - 30
10 - PIECE BAND AND ORCHESTRA - 10
3 - MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESSES - 3

SEE THE BIG SINGING.
Chorus of Pretty Girls.
HEAR The Kitchy Musical numbers, The Symphony Orchestra, Low Hampton Sing with the Band.

The Girl and Music Show—Full of Surprises

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PRICES: 25, 50 and 75 CENTS

MATINEE—ADULTS 35c, CHILDREN 15c

SEATS ON SALE WEDNESDAY MORNING.

division of the agricultural school in which they enroll.

Dr. Taylor has advised that some of his subjects will be: "Land Ownership and Tenancy in the United States," "Methods of Adjusting the Relations of Landlords and Tenants," "Credit Systems in Their Relation to Land Ownership," "Types of Farming in Their Relationship to Profits, Credits, Land Ownership and Tenancy," and "The Farmer and the Middleman—Some Methods of Solving Vexatious Marketing Problems."

"The Need of Rural Sanitation" will be one of Dr. Covington's prime subjects. In different lectures he will take up the prevention of malaria, hookworm, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and pellagra in rural districts.

No effort will be spared to make his year's short course an unexcelled opportunity for those interested in rural work and problems.

HARD-FOUGHT GAME

GOES TO LONGHORNS.

Texas University Makes It Two Straight Over Aggies.

Austin, Texas, Feb. 26.—The superior accuracy, speed and team play of Texas Saturday night meant defeat for the Farmers from College Station for the second time in two nights, 24 to 19. The support offered A. and M. by 300 rotors and a band failed to overcome the aggressiveness and splendid tutelage of the Longhorns, and, then, too, 2,000 lusty voiced men and women, aided by the university band, helped the orange and white along the victory road.

Saturday night's contest was undoubtedly the best exhibition of basket ball ever staged on a local court and possibly on a state court. Both teams went in from the opening whistle to win, and the court was literally covered with ten fighting men all during the game.

There are some people who never think of heaven except when they see a graveyard.

CHASE-LISTER SHOW ARRIVES.

Will Be Located at Big Tent at 24th and Tabor Streets.

The Chase-Lister company arrived Sunday after a very successful engagement at Cameron, and will open a week's engagement tonight under the big tent located at 24th and Tabor

streets. The play tonight will be a sensational comedy, "Stricken Blind."

Guy Hickman, the comedian, is still with the company, and Miss Virginia Staunton is the new leading woman and Mr. Allen Wishart the new "vil-

lain." Billy K. Rey, a "coon shouter," is also a new member since the show last appeared here.

No doubt this popular company will play to a crowded tent each night during the week.



Johnny Galvin with the "World of Follies" at the Colonial Friday and Saturday, Mar. 2nd and 3rd, with Matinee Saturday.